

AGRICULTURAL.

A Few Items from the Farm.

It often becomes necessary to draw a barrel of water to the fields or the stock yard, for different uses, and unless a barrel with both ends in is at hand, though it is found more convenient when the creek or spring is reached to have one head out, it is often difficult to get much of the water where needed, writes a correspondent. I have noticed my neighbors drawing a barrel of water by merely covering the barrel with a piece of canvas, hauling on a stone boat, that a large portion slipped out. Now, it is quite easy to draw a barrel or a tub of water, if a round board (an old barrel-head is just the thing) about two inches smaller than the inside of the barrel is placed on the top of the water and let float on it. It will be found that little, if any, water will slip out and be lost.

I wish to call attention to the workshop on the farm. No farm can be considered complete without its workshop. This should be well stocked with all sorts of lumber of various kinds for repairing the farming tools, as well as for building new ones; and it also wants the proper tools for working the lumber up for such purposes as are needed, as saws, planes, chisels, bits, augers, hammers, wrenches, screw-drivers, bit stock, etc.; all these should be neatly and systematically arranged, and be kept in good order; never left out in the field, or lying about the barn or woodshed where last used, but when not in use, cleaned, and sharpened if necessary, and put in their proper place, so as to be readily found when wanted in a hurry. Nails of all sizes should be kept on hand, and, if neatly arranged in boxes up behind the bench, is much the better; a good assortment of screws should also be kept in reserve. Where any farmer has a nice, comfortable shop, supplied as above, is ingenious, and careful of his tools, he will be surprised and very much pleased to see how many dollars he can save in the course of a year, as well as to see how nice a job he can do. He will also find it a very nice thing, as well as splendid investment for the toys, and will be one of the best arguments to keep them at home, and interest them in farm life.

Then the rainy days on the farm. I remember well my boyhood days; we usually went fishing when it rained. When occurring too often, however, they can be made as valuable as fair ones; besides furnishing an occasional day off for rest and recreation. A tenant, during the protracted rainy weather last fall, spent his time making bee-hives, and when the weather cleared off the bees seemed determined these hives should be occupied, as he used the last one before the bees went into winter quarters. There is usually sufficient work to be done on rainy days, if a person is fixed for doing it and has a disposition to do it, but it is surprising to see how the men will flock to the store or saloon when ever it rains so that they cannot work out-of-doors. This is the very poorest of poor policy. It would seem that the repairing of tools would require all the spare time on the farm, but, according to appearances, judging from the number of farmers and their sons one meets on their way to town on a rainy day, we are led to suppose that the occupation at the store is of the most importance. Perhaps it is, but will it pay as well?

The warm wet weather, prevalent in many sections last fall, was just what the weeds needed to obtain firm hold on the soil, and they will show up fine as soon as the snow leaves. It is well to organize a thorough crusade against them, and study up plans looking to their extermination early in the spring. The weeds will allow no rest, hence must be eradicated, and the soil should be stirred as early as the frost will admit to prevent their getting hold. This will be found much easier than to wait until they obtain a good stand, for many of the weeds are propagated by rootlets, cuttings, and broken slips as well or even better than by their seeds. In the cultivated field it is an easy matter to go over the soil a time or two previous to commencing cultivation in earnest. All these little knotty problems should be solved at this season while there is time to read up and discuss the best methods of ridding the farm of everything that shows no profit.

Hard times is ever a common theme of conversation, and is being preached as usual, especially by a certain class of people, and thus far in my life I have known the time when the entire country was free from these preachers of the prevailing hard times, and I do not believe this makes the times any easier even when such a condition of affairs really exists. Some people, and they are generally the ones that always find something to do besides talking of and bewailing their lot, never experience hard times, at least you never hear them speak of it. And, really, are the times as hard as some people would have us believe? Can not a farmer who is out of debt, or whose debts are not pressing, get as good a living now as at any time during the last forty years, if he has only the inclination, and practices economy to a certain extent? Produce, it is true, seems very low when compared with the prices a few years ago, but other things are low in about the same proportion, so that on the whole I see no reason to creak about hard times, for if they are hard, if let alone, will wear out eventually. If tools are taken care of, stock and crops properly and carefully tended, and more agricultural—this means fewer political—papers taken and read, the graze and farmer's club attended as they should be and the town and corner grocery visited less, we should hear less about hard times, and the only way to make the times easier is that which the lamented Greeley said when asked how to resume payment, "why resume," said he, and the way to make times better is to make them better. This is easy if you would only think so.

Food for Growing Stock.

Corn and wheat, so largely used as staple foods on the farm, are unsuitable for growing stock. The reason is that there is but about one pound of lime in 1,000 pounds

of corn or wheat, which is insufficient for the purposes of the young animal, as bone cannot be produced unless the substances of which it is composed are present in the food. On the contrary, red clover hay contains about twenty-eight pounds of lime in 1,000 pounds, but the lime does not always exist in food in the form of phosphates, transformations occurring after the food is digested. Wheat bran, which has been removed from the starch of the wheat grain, as is well known to those who understand how it is separated during the process of making flour, contains about seven times as much phosphate of lime as does corn. There are a great many foods which largely excel corn, wheat, or oats. In their relative proportion of mineral matter, protein is more easily obtainable than the mineral matter that causes some young animals to make slow growth. One of the advantages of limestone soils is that animals fed on the products of such soils are largely benefited and the young stock thrive.

To feed on one kind of food mostly is not economy, because the animal fails to derive proper nourishment therefrom, and more especially with growing stock, which make a gain which proportionately far exceeds that of matured animals. Varied foods supply all wants, whether consisting of grains and vegetables or the by-products of mills. Limestone meal is rich in the mineral elements and serves to balance the grain ration. Both bran and middlings are excellent additions to bulky foods, not only because they contain mineral matter largely, but also because they are concentrated. Rich, sweet herbage of all kinds is relished by all classes of stock because such foods are varied, and therefore supply what may be needed. It is when clover hay and grasses are allowed that grains may be given, as the food is then better balanced, which results in economy because the conditions are then more favorable for the greatest increase in growth and weight.

HUNTING A WHALE.

The Ship's Crew Rows Up, Harpoons Him and He Fights for His Life.

In 1845 the bark Sarah was cruising off the river La Platte for sperm whales. She carried three boats at the davits and a crew of twenty-two men, which, with six men on each boat, left four men to keep ship when the boats were off for whales.

One morning about nine o'clock the man in the maintop gallant cross-trees sang out: "There she blows!" and repeating it at regular intervals, which indicated unmistakably that sperm whales were in sight. As the man continued to sing out, the captain hailed with the question, "Where away?"

"Two points forward of the lee beam sir!"

"Keep him off two points, brace in the yards, get lines in the boats, keep a sharp lookout there aloft!"

While the ship was heading for the whale all was bustle and excitement on deck. The boats were hoisted and the cranes swung from underneath, and then the boats were lowered level with the rail and each boat's crew stood by for the order to "lower away." When within about three-quarters of a mile from the whale the ship was

LUFFED UP INTO THE WIND, the main topsail hauled aback, and the order came "Lower away!"

As the boats struck the water the crew tumbled over the side, each man quickly taking his place, and with oars all ready the boats were shoved off and the race began, each boat's crew doing its best to reach the whale first. I belonged to the captain's boat and pulled the tub oar. We had pulled but a short distance when the whale went down. We had got his bearings, for a whale undisturbed will always go in a straight line, so after pulling nearly to where he disappeared, we peaked our oars and waited for him to come up. In a short time he broke water and not far from our

bow, How quickly we got down to our oars and how our boat rumbled through the water, as every man threw his whole strength on the long sixteen-foot sweeps, every moment bringing us nearer the whale. The captain, with steering oar in one hand and heaving on the after oar with the other, kept urging us to greater effort.

"Spring, I tell you, spring!" "Bend your backs and break your oars; pull boys, do pull!"

I could always tell by looking in the captain's face when we were nearing a whale, for he would turn very white around the mouth. As I looked up at him I saw the never failing sign, and the next moment he shouted to the boat-steerer, "Stand up Ned!"

Ned peaked his oar and was on his feet in an instant.

WITH HARPOON POISED and ready for the word.

"Give it to him!" sang out the captain, and the next moment the harpoon was buried deep in the monster's side.

With one of his mighty flukes the whale sounded rapidly, taking out nearly a hundred and fifty fathoms of line. We had backed the boat away, and were now nipping the two parts of the line together with canvas holders so as to impede his downward progress and tire him before he took all of our line. At last the line began to slacken, and then it was "haul in" and stow away the stern sheets ready to run out again should the whale go down. At last he came to the surface, seemingly paralyzed or tired. The mate's boat was near, and pulling up, he sent a well-directed lance under the fin and the whale went down again.

Then said the captain, when he saw what the mate had done, "He'll be dead enough to skin when he comes up," and, though not exactly dead when he again appeared, he needed no more lancing. He could just clear the thick blood from his spout hole, and soon went in his flurry. Taking a large circle and going around with the sun, with head well out of water, with blood and foam all about him, he soon turned on his side and lay very still. He was dead, and then, with three boats stretched out on a tow line, he was taken alongside of the ship and made fast with the fluke chain.

This particular whale "stowed down" one hundred barrels of clear sperm oil.

Household.

Filling Lamps and Care of Kerosene.

The habit of filling lamps after dark is a dangerous one and should be avoided. When purchasing lamp chimneys insist upon having only those that are clear and bright as crystal, leaving the flaked and imperfect ones to the careless purchaser. Do not keep the kerosene in the house or cellar, but locate the vessel containing it in the woodhouse or other out-buildings, for be as careful as you may, some of it is at times liable to be spilled, the floor is spotted and the odor is not pleasant. Get one of the improved cans holding several gallons, with a little faucet attached. Place located upon a bench or shelf and you have this matter under complete control.

Cake Making.

All cakes with butter in their composition require vigorous beating until smooth after the flour is added, or they will be coarse grained. Angel's food or cakes of this description require that the sugar be sifted before adding to the cake, then so blended with the other ingredients as to be easily mixed in the batter. The melting of a large grain of sugar in the process of baking will often make an air cell. Perfect blending is usually the secret of a fine-grained cake.

Large cakes must be baked slowly and small cakes quickly. Thin cakes should be baked from fifteen minutes to twenty minutes in a quick oven. Ordinary loaf cake from thirty to forty minutes. Loaf cakes, like a pound cake, take an hour or an hour and a half. Fruit cake several hours.

Bread and Cracker Crumbs.

The amateur cook is often puzzled by apparently conflicting recipes in regard to the use of bread or cracker crumbs. It is a simple rule to bear in mind that bread crumbs should be used for frying in deep lard and cracker crumbs for dishes that are baked. The reason for this difference is not hard to remember—the shortening in the crackers attracts grease, and they should, therefore, never be brought into this conjunction. The same principle holds good with batter made of sour milk; one often reads recipes thus compounded, but if one tries dropping the material into hot fat, one will see how it soaks up the grease, and what indigestible "soggy" fritters are made therefrom.

When the Machine Balks.

When the sewing machine proves balky, take the machinery apart and if you find it dirty drop the mechanism carefully into boiling soap suds to which you have added a teaspoonful of ammonia. When thoroughly cleansed take out all the bits of work, dry them thoroughly with a warm cloth and let them stand in a warm place till every bit of dampness has evaporated. Now set it on the stand, oil every part, adjust the belt and the machine will run like a new one.

A Hint About the Hair.

Now that women are again parting the hair in the middle to an extent that has not been done before in this generation, they should keep in mind that constant parting will inevitably wear the hair away at that place, and so make the white line that ought to be so fine, broad and ugly. The hair should be combed back straight at night, and during the privacy of morning hours. Some women vary the place of parting, parting to one side and then again to another, but this does not suit all faces.

Ironing Lace and Silk.

Try ironing all lace and embroidery on the wrong side, and iron until perfectly dry. Calicoes that are apt to look too "shiny" should be ironed on the wrong side. Do not have the irons very hot for ironing calicoes and figured chintzes, as hot irons will fade and turn the colors more than washing.

Try using the iron simply warm for ironing silk handkerchiefs, and iron them on the wrong side before they are quite dry.

To Loosen the Glass Fruit Jar Top.

There is often a wearying struggle to loosen the top of a glass can of fruit. There need be no trouble if the can is quickly inverted and the head plunged into a kettle of very hot water. The same treatment will suffice to start the obdurate glass stopper of a perfumery bottle. The principle is to swell the neck of the article so that the cover will move readily in it. This is best done by the method described.

Here is a Pretty Coin Purse.

A pretty and quickly made coin purse is made by crocheting in single stitch with dark red silk a strip eight by four inches. Crochet together at the ends and through the middle, leaving a small slit in the center of the long side. Finish the ends with a fringe of steel beads and pass through a steel ring.

Cane-Seat Chairs.

When your cane-seated chairs get to sagging just turn them upside down and wash them with strong soap suds. Soak them thoroughly, then set them to dry. The cane will stiffen up to its normal condition.

Recipes.

Sweet Indian Bread.—Five cups corn meal, 2 cups flour, 1 cup light brown sugar, 1 tablespoonful salt, 2 teaspoonfuls soda, sour milk to make rather thin batter. Bake in greased bread pans in moderate oven, 75 minutes. Mix the corn meal, flour, sugar

and salt thoroughly together, dissolve the soda in a cup of milk and stir well. This is good hot and is very nice cold to slice and warm in the oven.

Rice Fritters.—Put into a small stew pan a pint of new milk, with six ounces of rice, three ounces of sugar, peel of a lemon grated, two ounces of butter, and a very little cinnamon. Boil all slowly until the rice has absorbed the moisture. Mix in the yolks of three eggs well beaten, and when cool make the rice into balls, placing in the centre of each some orange marmalade. Brush them over with the yolk of an egg, sprinkle with bread crumbs, put them into a wire basket and fry them in boiling fat a light brown. Drain and serve with sugar sifted over them.

Mackerel.—Wash a nice, fat mackerel several times in cold water. Fill a baking-pan half full of cold water; put a piece of cheese cloth across the bottom, leaving a portion at the ends to use in lifting the fish. Put in the fish, skin side down. Allow it to boil; lift the fish, drain off the water; fill the pan again with cold water, allow it to boil, drain, and repeat once more. Have ready a hot platter, dish the fish, being careful not to break it. Rub together one tablespoonful of butter, one of lemon juice, and one of chopped parsley. Spread this over the mackerel and serve.

COMPLETELY PARALYZED.

PHYSICIANS ARE ASTOUNDED BY A PECULIAR CASE.

A Young Canadian Stricken with Paralysis While in New York—Returned to His Home at London, Ont., as He Believed, to Die—The Means of Renewed Health Pointed Out by a Clergyman who Visited Him.

Stricken with Landry's paralysis and yet cured. That means but little to the average layman, but it means a miracle to a physician. Such is the experience of O. E. Dallimore, at present a resident of Madison, N. J., and a rare experience it is.

"Yes, it's true that I had Landry's paralysis," said Mr. Dallimore to the reporter, "or else the most celebrated physicians of London were mistaken. That I have been cured is clearly apparent." With this he straightened up as sturdy and promising a son of Britain as ever trod American soil.

"It was on the 15th of March last," he continued, "when I was in New York city, that I first felt symptoms of my trouble. I experienced difficulty in going upstairs, my legs failing to support me. I consulted a physician who informed me that I had every symptom of locomotor ataxia, but as the case developed he pronounced it a case of Landry's paralysis and knowing the nature of the disease advised me to start for my home and friends. I gave up my work and on April 1st started for London, Ont. A well known physician was consulted but I grew rapidly worse and on Saturday, April 7th, several physicians held a consultation on my case and informed me that I was at death's door, having but three to six days to live, still I lingered on, by this time completely paralyzed, my hands and feet being dead; I could hardly whisper my wants and could only swallow liquids. Oh, the misery of those moments are beyond all description and death would really have been a welcome visitor.

"Now comes the part that has astounded the physicians. Rev. Mr. Gundy, a clergyman who visited me in my last hours, as he supposed, told me of the marvellous cures of paralysis that had been performed by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I started to take the pills about April 28 and a week after that felt an improvement in my condition. There was a warm, tingling sensation in the limbs that had been entirely dead and I soon began to move my feet and hands. The improvement continued until May 2^d, when I was taken out of bed for a drive and drove the horse myself. By the beginning of July I was able to walk upstairs alone and paid a visit to Niagara.

"Slowly but surely I gained my old health and strength leaving London for New York on October 11 and beginning my work again on October 26, 1894. Cured of Landry's paralysis in eight months."

To confirm his story beyond all doubt, Mr. Dallimore made the following affidavit.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY,)
MORRIS COUNTY,) ss
Olive Dallimore being duly sworn on his oath said that the foregoing statement is just and true.

OLIVE E. DALLIMORE.
Sworn and subscribed before me December 3, 1894.
AMOS C. RATHBUN,
[SEAL] Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. There are no ill effects following the use of this wonderful medicine, and it can be given to children with perfect safety.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company.

Spoons—"And will my ducky trust me in everything when we are married?" She—"Everything, Alky, provided you don't ask for a night key."

It is said that in India the people have no idea of time, but that they have learned that trains do not wait for any one, so that great crowds are at the stations hours before the time for a train to start.

Hood's Cured After Others Failed

Scrofula in the Neck—Bunches All Gone Now.



Blanche Atwood, Sangerville, Maine.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: 'Gentlemen:—I feel that I cannot say enough in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For five years I have been troubled with scrofula in my neck and throat. Several kinds of medicines which I tried did not do me any good, and when I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla there were large bunches on my neck so sore that I could not bear the slightest touch. When I had taken one bottle of this medicine, the soreness had gone and before I had finished the second the bunches had entirely disappeared.' BLANCHE ATWOOD, Sangerville, Maine."

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

For twenty-five years

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

NATIONAL CHARITY IN SCOTLAND

Orphan's Home Near Glasgow Founded by a Man Who Was Once a Poor Boy.

There is a city whose gates are always open to the friendless. It is the National Orphan homes of Scotland. But one qualification is needed for citizenship, "Destitution is the title for admission;" nothing more is asked from orphan boys and girls or from children of poor widows. They may come from any part of the country. They need no recommendation. Any orphan between the ages of 1 and 14 is admitted, and whereas twenty-five years ago the waif and stray had only the shelter of the workhouse to look for, today they are welcomed to a home. The children's city, with its forty-six distinct homes, its broad avenues, gardens and playgrounds, white steeples, and above all, its splendid record of over 10,000 children who have been clothed, fed and educated and put in the way of making an honorable living there, owes its existence to one man alone.

Mr. Quarrier was the son of a widow, and many years ago wandered in the streets of Glasgow, cold and hungry. At 16 he supported his own family by shoemaking. Before many years he was owner of three of the largest bootmaker's shops in Glasgow. Then he said, "When I have saved \$100,000 I will start the orphan homes." But not until 1876 were enough funds forthcoming to buy land. Then a small farm of forty acres was bought at the Bridge of Weir, and very soon afterward the foundation stone of the first home was laid.

It is not an hour by train from Glasgow, and most of the travelers on the Glasgow and Southwestern Railway line must have caught sight of the National Orphan Homes.

Entering the principal gates you pass the house in which Mr. and Mrs. Quarrier live, and then a wide avenue leads to the central building, in which are the schools, and in which the teachers also live.

Further on is the church, a handsome Gothic building, with a clock tower 120 feet in height. The cottages on either side are neatly and substantially built, also in the Gothic style, and each of them has playground and small garden. At the end of the principal avenue, and overlooking the large open field for football and cricket, stands the "ship on land," the James Arthur, which in itself forms one of the homes, and is under the charge of a retired sea captain and his wife. This ship, a full-rigged brig of 120 feet in length, is firmly bolted down on a bed of concrete instead of floating, as formerly, over the blue and stormy waters, and here about thirty embryo sailors, who have chosen to be trained for a seafaring life, have found a home. The boys sleep in the fore-cabin, and the large main cabin aft is made into their sitting and dining room, there being also two chartrooms. In this ship the boys receive a thorough nautical education; and, besides learning navigation, are taught to mend their own clothes, to make rope mats, mats darned with wool, to paint, and so forth.

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